

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove his furrows deep!
The huddling plains upstart,
The hills were all a-leap.

But that is the mountains' secret,
Aye hidden in their breasts;
God's peace is everlasting,
Are the dream-words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of his grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His words bring messages to them,
Wild storm news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He weaveth the zones together
In robes for his risen rock.

There are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for his flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines to pray;
God freshens again within them,
As he passes by all day;

And, lo! I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all,—
This faith, that life's hard moments,
When the jarring shadows fall,

Are but God ploughing his mountains,
And the mountains yet shall be
The source of his grace and freshness,
And his peace everlasting to me.

—*W. C. Gannett.*

PRAYER.*

There now remain some other points to consider respecting prayer. It has been seen that to pray for physical good is at once unphilosophical and irreligious,† and that our requests must be solely for spiritual gifts. Are those gifts to be asked for ourselves alone or for others also?

The answer to this question is by no means obvious. The negative opposes a very high intuition: the affirmative is nearly destitute of any philosophical explanation. That God will "give of his spirit to him that asks it," thereby entirely respecting the freedom of the human will, which may or may not thus ask for added moral power,—this is to be understood. The law of spirit, whereby the soul's own "drawing to God" is made the condition of "God's drawing to the soul." This is comprehensible enough. But that one man's holy will can bring strength from heaven for another, that A.'s prayer will draw God's spirit to B., that is a very different thing. Whatever help God could consistently with the preservation of B.'s freedom give to him in consequence of A.'s prayer, would he not have given it to him without it? Does not he do all that can be done for the virtue of every soul which he has made?

*See *Cheerful Letter* for July, 1894, September, 1895, July, 1896, for extracts from Miss Cobbe on this subject.

†The editor does not agree with Miss Cobbe on this point, but all views are needed.

I confess I see no direct escape from this argument, yet there are some considerations which may help us to meet it. It is manifest, in the first place, that in the visible world God does allow us to conduce most importantly to each other's virtue. Our actions, words, and even looks have not only a real, but vast *spiritual power* over those in bodily company with us. There is nothing incredible, then, in the idea that God should make B.'s spiritual concerns influencible by A. Among God's instruments for B.'s welfare A. is one already,—say as a preacher or friend. Can he then benefit him also in the supersensible world through prayer? If we suppose this is to be done by inclining God's will to help him, the doctrine is obviously absurd. God wills his virtue already far more than A. can do. But is there no other way? Is there no possibility that prayer may be a real agent in that spirit-world of which both the Infinite and the two finite souls are dwellers, and that in some way (necessarily because of the realm of action unknown to us) that earnest and ardent *will* of man, throbbing in harmony with that of God for the virtue of his brother, may bring to that brother's spirit some power from on high? We do not know that it is so: we cannot even imagine a rationale for the matter which suffices tolerably, as in the case of personal prayer; but we do *not* know any decided reason why it should be otherwise.

The argument, therefore, I conceive stands thus:—

1. Prayer for the spiritual good of others is not *philosophically* incredible. The laws of the supersensible world are not known to us like those of the world of phenomena. Nay, we have reason to believe that those laws must afford free action for those supersensible wills of which that world is the birthplace. In praying, then, for any spiritual event, we are not praying against known laws (as in the case of physical good), but, as we think, in accordance with laws expressly admitting the action of our prayers.

2. Neither are such prayers *religiously* objectionable. The boon for which we pray—namely, our brother's moral good—is, beyond all doubt, God's direct and primary will. In praying for it, we run no risk of opposing his will, as when we ask for physical boons which his justice or his goodness may make him forbid.

3. The philosophical objection to intercessory spiritual prayer being thus nugatory,

and the religious argument lying altogether in its favor, there remains to consider what may be urged *for* it. I believe that this will be found to be as much as could possibly apply to the case. There is an intuition very common, very deep, and obviously belonging to the very purest class of our spiritual instincts. This intuition urges us not infrequently to *try* the power of prayer to reclaim some erring beloved one, to bring some resentful heart to forgiveness of its wrongs, to awaken some sleeping soul to the sense of its sin. I believe that, when the instinct to ask such things is strong, it brings with it a strange presage of the success which will attend the prayer. Ought we, then, to disregard such an impulse (an impulse which we know to be at all events in harmony with God's will, even if it should be actually powerless), because we cannot explain how it can act in the unknown world whither we send forth the strong prayer to its mysterious work? Surely we need not do our souls such hurt as would be caused by the unnatural compression of such pure feelings. We may, in all confidence of its innocence, in all piety toward God, yield to our heart's voice. And, *if*—if, as I firmly believe, *experience* ratifies the wisdom as well as piety of the act, if the good we have implored does come to the soul of our brother, then, in all philosophical strictness, the validity of intercessory spiritual prayer must be held established. It has no known law against it. It has in its favor intuition and experience.—*Frances Power Cobbe*, from "*Religious Duty*," chapter on *Prayer*.

THE STILL HOUR.

Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee,—answered
prayers,
And joys unasked, strange blessings, lifted
cares,
Grand promise echoes! Thus each page
shall be
A record of God's love and faithfulness to
thee.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

God is the artist who recognizes the possibilities that are hidden within us. We are the blocks of marble; and, if we are conscious of what we may become, we cannot cry, "Father, save me from this hour," but must needs pray, "Father, glorify thy name," and then angels will come from the upper air and minister to us.—*Selected*.

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous. The universe is full of love and of inexorable sternness and veracity, and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience, silence, hope.—*Carlyle.*

The awards of heaven come not from our successes, as the world terms them, but from the strength and courage with which we have worked, suffered, and resisted.—*George Brown.*

Petty cares need great affections to prevent them from disturbing our tempers. Small, insistent, and troublesome tasks require large ends and aims, that they may be diligently and faithfully performed.—*Henry W. Crosskey.*

Every sincere wish and prayer for goodness, every earnest attempt to fulfil difficult duty, is sure to help on our spiritual progress either directly or indirectly. By one road or another, every such effort brings us nearer to God.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty" address Miss Langmaid, 71 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

Any one desiring school-books please apply to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the

Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. As I am a cripple for life, I want to make the best of it, and keep cheerful as well as cheer others. Will you kindly send me any helpful reading which will be sent on? Would you like to send letters and reading to a helpless lady? She enjoys them much. Her address is Miss Amy Lane, R. F. D. No. 1, Stockton Springs, Maine. I appreciate any help in my isolated life. Miss Alma Appleton, South Brewer, Maine.

2. I come asking you for a Bible dictionary. Last summer I was teacher in the Sunday-school, and needed one so often. And this summer they have put me over a class farther advanced, so I need one more than ever. Miss Lina Thomas, Elamsville, Virginia.

3. We would like some good books. Would like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "My Brother's Keepers," or any useful papers or books. We wish to thank those who have sent us so many nice books and papers. Our address is Hendrix, North Carolina, instead of Elkville, North Carolina. Minnie and Dessa Triplett, Hendrix, North Carolina.

4. I work in one of the cotton mills of the South, and the wages I receive will barely board and clothe me. I wish to ask will the kind friends of the *Cheerful Letter* send me some good reading. Miss Minnie Taylor, Leaksville, Rockingham County, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 2.

5. I am in very bad health, part of the time unable to attend to my household duties. I would appreciate any good books or magazines for myself and any nice books for my little girl aged ten years. Mrs. M. A. Phillips, Winder, Georgia, R. F. D. No. 19.

6. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—Three or four years ago I made a request for books and papers, and I wish to thank those friends who sent me some. It has been a long time since I received anything except the dear little *Cheerful Letter*, which some kind friend

sends regularly. I would be glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* or any good reading matter. I would be glad of any good reading that would help me in my Sunday-school work. I attend Sunday-school three miles from my home. I have a class of little boys and girls that are very eager to learn. My husband has a class of young men, and would be glad to have any books or magazines that would be helpful in teaching. My address is changed from Diamond Hill. Mrs. J. M. Broadaway, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 2.

7. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter friends who have aided me so much by sending me books and magazines, and also I wish to ask if some one will not send current numbers of either *Current Anecdotes* or *The Homiletic Review*, or both, to Rev. J. J. Beach, Baptist pastorate, Boonville, North Carolina. He needs these magazines in his study, and is not able to subscribe for them. If some one will kindly send them, they will be thankfully received and well used. The school at Boonville is closed for vacation, and I am working here to get money to help pay my school expense next year. I shall be here until about September 1. Ernest S. Hendren, 521 North 20th Street, Columbus, Ohio.

8. Many thanks for being remembered by some kind heart. Will some one that has picture-books and cards please remember a little four-year-old girl, whose parents are poor, and she the only little one in the home? Address Mrs. Melissa Bartley, Meltonsville, Marshal County, Alabama. I would be glad to be remembered in the future as I have been in the past, as my reading does double duty. Mrs. Ada V. Wann, Wannville, Alabama, Jackson County.

9. My husband, our baby, and myself came from North Carolina to Moscow about three months ago; and, as we are scarce of reading matter in our new home, magazines, books, and papers will be highly appreciated. Mrs. C. M. Triplett, 229 North Lillie Street, Moscow, Idaho.

10. I would be so glad to get some good novels and magazines. I do love to read. My pastor is Rev. J. S. Hales of Ansonville, North Carolina. I would be, oh, so thankful if you would send me something to read. Address Mrs. Ella F. Pinkston, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Anson County.

11. I would like so much to receive *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 1905, *Munsey's Magazine*, 1905, or *The Modern Priscilla*, 1905. Eugenia F. Humphries, Oxford, North Carolina.

12. Mrs. James Newcomb, San Antonio, Texas, asks for Amiel's "Journal."

The address of Christine Dillon is now Leaksville, North Carolina, Rockingham County, R. F. D. No. 2.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

OBSTINATE CHILDREN.

II.

To those who have for many years been familiar with a certain principle, the statement of this principle seems at last a mere truism. We feel inclined to say: "Oh, everybody knows that! We should all agree on that point!" But errors die hard; and we see them reappearing, year after year, long after we think they are refuted.

Perhaps there are few traits that require more wise and skilful handling than obstinacy. The old-fashioned idea was that, when a child refuses to obey an order,—such as to pick up his hat and put it on the nail where it should hang,—he must be *forced* to obey by a long contest,—reasoning, reproof, and as a last resort, punishment.

Jacob Abbott has called attention to the fact that, even if finally successful, these contests increase and cultivate the child's natural pride and obstinacy, whereas it is desirable to assuage and repress these qualities.

The wisest course, then, would be to avoid all contests, but to inflict at once a reasonable punishment, and then let the matter go.

Pick up at once the hat that he has refused to hang on its nail, close the book and lay it aside if he will not repeat the letter or word, go yourself for the spool of thread which he is not willing to bring. Let him feel that he has *lost the opportunity*.

Almost as bad as the struggle for mastery is the comment, "Naughty boy!" "I am ashamed of you, Johnny!" "How can you be so disobliging!" fixing and continuing the ill-tempered mood he is in, or, perhaps, even causing it; for the child may have answered hastily, without much real ill-humor.

Some consequences now ought to follow, or the opportunity to cure the child of the bad habit is lost. It is impossible to lay down a rule for punishments, for these must depend on the character of the child. Yet some principles may be suggested.

1. Let the punishment be *certain*, but not severe.

2. Let it be inflicted good humoredly, without scolding or fault-finding.

3. Give the child no opportunity for argument and discussion.

In one case a child who showed a want of docility at his lessons was punished by having the book closed, and being obliged to sit still a somewhat longer time than the lesson would have lasted. He thus lost a little more of his play-time than the lesson would have cost him. Of course he was somewhat out of temper; but the teacher paid no attention to this, but spoke to him as good humoredly and treated him as kindly as if he had been a good boy. So the mood soon died away for want of opposition. Had there been a contest to "*make him say*" thus and so, it might have lasted all day, and confirmed the tendency to wilfulness and pertinacity.

One error, akin to this, I have seen made by very gentle and patient mothers. A boy bursts into the room, eagerly demanding permission to go somewhere or do something. His mother sees some reason for refusing the favor; but, instead of a quiet and single negative, there is an hour's argument, consisting of angry snarls of "*Why mayn't I?*" on the one side, and perfectly futile, though gentle repetitions of, "*Because, dear,*" on the other. I have seen a mother go through this performance, evidently thinking she was doing exactly the right thing, and rather proud of herself for not yielding. She forgot that a long "*answering back and forth*" trained the boy in habits of wilfulness and disrespect. A mother should never answer a "*Why must I?*" or "*Why mayn't I?*" with "*Because*"; for the child is not at that time in a state to listen candidly to any explanation. He asks "*Why*" only to put off obeying. Later she may find a good time to make an explanation. At the time the only thing to do is to inflict some slight punishment. As soon as the loud snarling "*Why*" is uttered (so familiar to all who have seen these arguments and so intolerably disagreeable to every one except the weak mother of a spoiled child), she should say, "*Go into the*

next room, Willie, and sit there quietly, until I give you leave to move." In five minutes he may be released, and but one or two such gentle punishments will, in most cases, be needed. A mother who has the good sense and resolution thus to avoid discussion with her boy saves him and herself an incalculable amount of suffering.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BOBOLINK.

What other bird has so jubilant, so jocund and free-from-care song as the bobolink? What cares he whether "*school keeps*" or not, so long as he has green meadows to live in, and flat pasture fields and marshes, on the tall reeds of which he swings as he pours forth his rollicking song? He is a little tipsy—intoxicated, in fact—with our glorious Northern summer. Unlike the most of our birds, he frequently sings while on the wing, and in this, as well as in the joyous *abandon* of his singing, he is said to resemble the English skylark.

Like our meadow-lark, the bobolink prefers flat countries, and refuses to live among the hills. I have seen him most frequently in the flat pastures of Southern Ohio, where he makes his appearance about the middle of May, just as the apple-trees are bursting into bloom. Somehow he is always associated in my mind with corn-planting, from the fact, I think, of his always hovering around the corn fields at that time, and seeming to watch the planting with great interest. Some one says that, during the corn planting, the bobolink sits on the fence and sings, "*Drop it! drop it! pick it up! pick it up! quick! quick! quick!*" all uttered with inconceivable rapidity and jollity.

Irving, speaking of the bobolink, says: "*He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season: his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom.*" The bobolink is, as John Burroughs remarks, the only white and black bird we have. When it first makes its appearance in spring, the white, or rather warm cream, color on its back is decidedly marked; but toward fall it doffs its suit for a rusty or grayish black, not unlike that of the cow-bunting, of which it is a distant relative. It builds its nest on the

ground, generally in a bunch of sedges near a low swamp, and so carefully does it conceal it that often as I have searched I have only succeeded in finding one of their nests. It was in a tussock of coarse grass near a marshy place in a low meadow, and I was first attracted to it by seeing one of the birds swinging on a tall reed near by and pouring out his whole soul in a joyous outburst, as though he knew he was a "jolly fellow." There were four eggs in the nest, of a pale blue, spotted with dark brown, about the size of those of the cow-bunting. During the early part of the summer the bobolink feeds on grass-hoppers, crickets, insects, etc.; but later in the season he subsists almost entirely on the seeds of grasses and reeds, from which he gets the name of "reed bird."

Early in September they leave for the rice fields of the South, where they are known as the rice-birds.—*L. N. Houston.*

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

"Dec. 25, 1851.—Christmas Day, Broadlands. It would be curious to take an impartial review, if I could, of what I have gained, by many years of toil, for myself, for the public, and, may I say it? for the cause of our blessed Master.

"I. What have I gained *for the public?* that is, according to my own estimation; for many will say, in the language of Scripture, that my doings have only 'gained them a harm and loss.'

"1. Seventeen years of labor and anxiety obtained the Lunacy Bill in 1845, and five years' increased labor since that time have carried it into operation. It has effected, I know, prodigious relief, has forced the construction of many public asylums, and greatly multiplied inspection and care. Much, alas! remains to be done, and much will remain; and that much will, in the estimation of the public, who know little and inquire less, overwhelm the good, the mighty good, that has been the fruit.

"2. Seventeen years, from 1833 to 1850, obtained the Factory Bill. The labor of three hundred thousand persons, male and female, has been reduced within reasonable limits, and full forty thousand children under thirteen years of age attend school for three hours every day! Let the people themselves, let the reports of the inspectors, let the records of bygone days, be heard

against the contempt, the misrepresentation, the ignorance, the hatred of those who opposed or discouraged me.

"3. A commission moved for in 1841 reported in 1842, and in 1843 passed a bill to forbid labor of females in mines and collieries. No one can deny the blessed results of this measure. My persecutors, therefore, admitting the good, attack the principle and question the wisdom of obtaining happy ends by such means.

"4. In 1845 passed bill to regulate and limit labor of children and women in print works. Cobden even supported me here. Necessarily an imperfect measure, but yet productive of some good.

"5. Had main share (though the honor went to another) in preparation of interment bill and carrying it through the house.

"6. Address and grant of Royal Commission for subdivision of large parishes. Result yet to be tried.

"7. Two years of *intense labor*, without pay, on Board of Health, specially in season of cholera, and lately on water supply to metropolis.

"8. Say nothing perhaps of failures, though they were intended for public service and received some approbation,—Motions on Opium Trade, Education, Poor-laws, and Sunday Post-office, nor of share taken in general debates on subjects of vital interest.

"9. This for Parliament. Out of it have spared no trouble nor expense (and both have been excessive) for Ragged Schools, model lodging-houses, Malta College, emigration committees, and meetings by day and by night on every imaginable subject.

"II. What gained for the cause of our blessed Master? Whatever little, if any, has been achieved, it has been by God's own grace. To him be all the glory!

"Perhaps we may rejoice in an awakened attention, though but partially so, to the wants and rights of the poor, to the powers and duties of the rich; perhaps both in Parliament and out of it, in a freer, safer use of religious sentiment and expression; perhaps in an increased effort for spiritual things, and in greatly increased opportunities for doing and receiving good. This, alas! is not the thing itself, but only the means to it. It is, nevertheless, all that we can boast of.

"III. What gained for myself?

"1. Peace of mind, but nothing else. Four objects may be said to stir the action of public men, singly or combined; money, power, fame, desire to do good. As for the

first, I had, when young, three years of office from 1828 to 1830, and then three months from January to April, in 1835. The rest of my time has won me nothing, but has, rather, been sadly expensive to me. Declined, in succession, several offices, that I might be freer for factory bill.

"2. Power and patronage. Confess I should have desired both, believing (but how terrible and deep is self-deception!) that I should have, through faith and prayer, exercised power well, and patronage to the welfare of important interests and to the honor and comfort of good men, but have obtained neither. *Have never* held any post in which I could act on my own authority, nor ever have I had the disposal of a single place, either ecclesiastical or civil.

"3. Influence and fame. 'Your influence,' 'Your commanding influence,' etc., I am constantly hearing, but never experiencing. In a long public life I have obtained three cadetships and one surgeon's appointment for the sons of deserving men, one living from Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst and a Commissionership in Lunacy from Lord Chancellor Cottonham, for persons of unrivalled public merits; one, too, from Lord Carlisle for an admirable minister. Is my influence with the government? What do I avail, and what is their treatment of me? Is it with the Peel party? I lost my political connection with them when I refused office, and urged the factory bill. Is it with the Protectionists? I lost them when I supported the repeal of the corn laws. Is it with the manufacturers? They hate me for the ten-hours act. Is it with the operatives? They forget all my labor of love in the middle course I took for their welfare. I won for them *almost* everything, but for the loss of that very little they regard me as an enemy! Is it with the Commons House of Parliament? Whatever I had is gone. I had once the ear of the assembly. I have it no more. Is it with the bishops? the High Church, the Tractarians? Is it with the Low Church? So it is said, but I ask the proof of it. Is it with the press? Nearly every paper is hostile. I have had my day of favor: now I suffer the reverse. They began by reviling me: they now *ignore* me, as the phrase goes. Is it a power to raise money for charitable purposes? Why, Sidney Herbert raised, in three months, nearly as much as I have raised in my whole life. Is it with private individuals? Why, *who attends* to what I do, say, or think, ex-

cept to mark it for cavil or reproof? Is it with my friends? Alas, how few can be trusted in the hour of trial! My curious career, too, makes me every day new enemies, and oftentimes alters my old friends! Is it with the rich? God knoweth! Is it with the poor? Yes, as far as a few shouts go, but no further! This is my position after twenty years of labor! I began in the hope that many of the aristocracy would first follow and then succeed me. Not one is to be found. A few, at my request, put their hands to the plough, but they looked back and return not to the furrows.

"Then how stands my *jame*? Well, if I had rested on this, I should 'have been, indeed, unblest.' What I have is *notoriety*, not reputation. I have a name that everybody knows, 'a household word,' writes the American minister, Mr. Lawrence, to me 'from New York to the Rocky Mountains,' but a name that every one fires at! Some dispute my judgment, some my sincerity, some my courage. Some think, or profess to think, me unworthy of their notice. Some call me 'well-intentioned but weak'; others, 'hypocritical and canting.' Some hold me to be ruled entirely by vanity, others consider me a mere tool. Now and then I make a speech which produces an effect, and I get some praise; but the speech is soon forgotten, and the man only remembered to be treated as before. A few, no doubt, think of me, and speak of me kindly; but they are rare and of small influence in the stirring world. I have been oddly and antagonistically viewed. Sir J. Graham, when Secretary of State, alluding to the Factory Bill, said, 'I was a man to make a revolution' (this will be remembered). Sir G. Grey, when Secretary of State, said to me in 1848, alluding also to the Factory Bill, 'I shall be ready to say, in my place in Parliament or elsewhere as Secretary of State, that the passing of the Ten Hours Bill has kept those vast counties at peace during this eventful period.' (This will be forgotten, nay, has, I think, been forgotten already.) But notorious men are good for chairs of dinners and meetings. People come, not through affection and respect, but to see the notorious man, and so I serve their purpose.

"4. *Desire to do good for good's sake.* Whatever my weaknesses, whatever the human admixture with my former hopes and fears, this must, henceforward, be my sole sustaining motive. I am now nearly fifty years of

age. My physical and moral powers have attained their summit. I cannot go higher, but I may fall lower. And what is man's judgment? Does it not often determine that to be 'gold, silver, and precious stones,' which God's judgment pronounces 'wood, hay, stubble'? All see my infirmities; all, knowing human corruption, infer more than they see, and they are right. All use me, and all grow tired of me; but few can know the troubles I have endured,—the sorrow of mind, the weariness of body, the labor I have undergone by day and by night, the public and private conflicts, the prayers I have offered, and the tears I have shed. Here, however, is my consolation, that, amidst frailties and sins, trespasses and shortcomings, I have had one single object perpetually before me. It was God's grace that gave me the thought, God's grace that has sustained me hitherto to have, in truth, but one end, the advancement of his ever-blessed name and the temporal and eternal welfare of all mankind. So closes my review. *Sursum Corda!*"—*The Life of Shaftesbury*, by Hodder.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, July 11, 1836.

My dear James,—I hope this will find you making preparations to come home. You must do it for not only your own sake, but ours; for we want your advice and help what to do next. There are great difficulties about our living here. I want to go to you this year, but cannot think of leaving mother here with all these annoyances and no one but grandmother for a companion; for her health is bad, and there is no saying what might be the consequences of such a situation to her, and yet I cannot bear to give it up. She hopes that Abraham or Sam will stay here; but there seem to be reasons enough against that, and so you must come. Aunt Campbell is with us, and will stay all summer I hope. I have a message for you from Mr. Carlyle through Waldo Emerson. I copy it for you:—

"But to look across the 'divine salt sea.' A letter reached me some two months ago from Mobile, Alabama. The writer, a kind friend of mine, signs himself James Freeman Clarke. I have mislaid, not lost, his letter, and do not at present know his permanent address (for he seemed to be only on a visit at Mobile); but you doubtless do know it.

Will you therefore take or even find an opportunity to tell this good Friend that it is not the wreckage of the Liverpool ship he wrote by nor insensibility on my part that prevents his hearing direct from me; that I see him and love him in this Letter, and hope we shall meet one day under the Sun, and shall live under it at any rate with many a kind thought toward one another."

This is a sweet answer, and now, my dear James, pack up your trunk (not the big one), lock up the church, and come home. You can collect the subscriptions for the *Messenger* and do many other good things. There was a great report that you were very ill (you know how true it is), but for our comfort we were told it was a Rev. Mr. Clarke of Connecticut. Still I doubt not it is true of you in part, for I know how that climate affects your health. You ought to take warning by the many examples before you. Do you know how Mr. Gannett has been affected? and it is doubtful if he is ever restored. Entirely from overexertion he has brought his mind into a state which is worse than useless.

Dr. Channing had gone to Newport, and we sent him your message about his want of faith in being doubtful about going down the Mississippi.

Do you know Mr. Brownson who is preaching in Boston to the workingmen? He has opened a *free* church at the Masonic Temple, which is distinguished by having no doctrines or rather any doctrines. Religious sentiment is the tie that binds the church together, and all Christians are admitted without question. The preacher supports himself by a newspaper. I think it is the *Reformer* which he has taken into his hands. Mr. Kneeland advertised last Saturday that his lecture Sunday evening would be about Mr. Brownson's sermon in the morning. Mr. B. himself was an infidel once upon a time.

Our two boys Thomas and Edward Campbell celebrated the Fourth by having their supper on the grass, and Thomas composed and delivered an oration which I assure you was a *multum in parvo*. It was about a minute long, and yet comprised the principal events of the Revolution. It was entirely his own notion, and done without any help. He spoke it in as serious a tone as if he had been appointed by the town to do it. Edward is a darling little fellow, a regular Southron with a "music breathing face." He and Tom are great friends.

Let us see you here with Sam and Abraham the first of next month.

Your affectionate sister,
SARAH.

I am told the Theological School is thrown into consternation at your audacity.*

NEWTON, Aug. 3, 1836.

My dear James,—We have expected each fine morning to see you marching up the avenue; and, when Abraham arrived the other morning, he was saluted by one as James, by me as Sam, and by Aunt Campbell as William. He is well and happy. I received Mrs. Windship's letter yesterday, and am very much obliged to her for it. She, however, increases our anxiety by telling us that you are not well, and that you do not mean to come home. By this time you must have heard that Mr. Coleman is on the way to Louisville or perhaps he has arrived. He is appointed a Western missionary among others, and Mr. Briggs recommends that you secure him to preach for you while you take a journey. I wish the Lord would put it into the heart of James Perkins to become the editor of the *Messenger*. He is exactly fitted for such an office, and he ought to take it upon himself. Do offer it to him.

I am translating Joan of Arc for you as well as I know how. I wish I had your poetical translations of Schiller to adorn it with. If I were only with you, I might do something. Shall I come in October? If you will come for me, I will certainly go with you.

Aunt Campbell is a delightful person, that is certain. There is a great deal of mental life about her, but the "physical corporeity" is wearing out. She makes me think of Dr. Channing,—a soul so full of life, a body so decaying. I think you would be so glad if you should be here with her a little while that you came. She is very busy with the history of her father's life, and wants you to undertake the last part about the campaign of 1812. She cannot write that because it excites her feelings so much that it unfits her for doing it. It will be a difficult matter to condense the memoirs of that campaign; but it must be done, and very judiciously. The book is chiefly written by grandfather, but the work of preparing his hasty letters for the press is no trifling job. They are very interesting,

and I am sure it will be a popular book. His life has a beautiful moral that a prosperous life would not contain, as we all see who remember the peaceful latter years of his secluded life. No man ever had a more crushing load of world's contempt and loss of honor and all that his nature and his life rendered painful, and nothing but a state of sound spiritual health could have empowered him to walk uprightly under it.

"He went not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed

By an unflinching trust, approached his grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him,

And lies down to pleasant dreams."

If aunt and you can bring this feature of his life strongly out, you will have done a good thing,—a work thrice blessed, once to his memory, once to his children's feelings, and once to our countrymen who are so ignorant of this truth. So you had better come at once. You need not be absent more than five or six weeks. I will see Dr. Tuckerman and ask your question. Robert Waterston has entered the Divinity School this year, and still preaches to his congregation of young beings every Sunday. When he has finished his studies, I am told Dr. Tuckerman will give up the whole North End to him to take care of. The rest of the town is provided for, I believe. Aunt C. visited the Warren Street Chapel last Sunday, and heard the preaching and had a long talk with Mr. Barnard. She was delighted with it all. Another day she is going to the Waterston Sunday-school. Abraham and I went to hear Mr. Brownson, "the people's preacher," last Sunday. The tie that binds his church together is the sentiment that Christianity is a universal religion, that all humanity has a part in it, that it is a religion for the people. He declared that Christianity is a Democratic religion, that Christ was a popular reformer, that he was born of the people and a brother of the working-man, that heaven is not the place of the soul in a *future* state; but, if not here, it is nowhere. This idea made me think of your sermon about life eternal last year, and it is only the third time that I have known it *distinctly* brought out in a sermon. The first was by Dr. Channing when he preached from the text, "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." Mr. Brownson extemporizes without a plan, I fear, and has some elo-

*[I do not know to what this refers. Ed.]

quence. The church is free, held in the temple lecture-room. He supports himself by the *Reformer*. I am told he sent you the first number.

I am glad you were in Louisville the Fourth of July this year, only I am afraid you will wear yourself out by these popular excitements. Thank Mrs. Windship for writing to me. Miss Louisa came to see us the other day with Deacon Sumner and his wife.

I sent your books in a box to Mr. Lewis, all but the "Herder," which was accidentally left out. I will send that by a private hand. You will not get the books for a fortnight after you receive this letter, if so soon. I did not write to you for so long a time, because I thought you were on the road home.

Yours ever

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Miss Kate L. Watson, Post-office Box 57, Worcester, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address *plainly* (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

Is there really any need of an Amusement Column in August? With the book of Nature open all around us, with boating, driving, fishing, and out-of-door games, who wants to read or to guess riddles? Well, to farmers' families summer is the busiest time of year, and to them a little recreation is always welcome. The tired mother who lies in the hammock for half an hour's level rest, may turn to the Amusement Column, and the children always have their play-times between the chores. Well! what kind of books do you read in hot weather? The best kind of course. Here are some very good ones; but, instead of giving their titles, we give short descriptions beginning with the initial letters of the titles.

DESCRIPTIVE INITIALS OF BOOKS.

The first is "The Little Minister."

1. Their laughable manners.
2. Loyal Little Fellow.
3. What Spellbound Boys.
4. Unfolds Terrible Captivity.
5. What Beauties!
6. Tigers, Jackals, Bulbuls.

II.

CHARADE.

My *second*! My *second*! I said it twice,
As I felt a pull on my line;
For my *first* is considered an excellent catch,
And we landed a specimen fine.

Then our *wholes* were long, as we wended
our way,
Eastward, at set of sun,
And I felt that my day, though in pleasure
spent,
Brought its quotient in fish and fun.

K. L. W.

III.

CHARADE.

My *first* holds valuables.
My *second* prevents robbery.
Kindly, happy thoughts are a good whole.
—Selected.

IV.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Fill up the blanks with girls' names transposed. The first is Bertha, transposed into *breath*.

1. — was all out of —.
2. — said that —.
3. He left a — of gold to his daughter —.
4. — sang a beautiful song, "When summer —."
5. — is a niece of the —.
6. — has a high — of what a woman should be.

—The Invalid Lady.

V.

BIRDS' NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. What is often found floating in the sea, and to propel a boat.
2. A color and itself.
3. A color and to take the first step.
4. A color and a letter.
5. A reptile and a bird.
6. To separate, and a range of hills

VI.

SQUARE WORD.

A square word is a number of words so arranged that they read the same whether spelled down or across. There are as many letters in each word as there are definitions—four in the following:—

1. My first, it is said, "springs eternal in the human breast." My second is a shape. My third is used to hold liquids. My fourth is a girl's name.

VII.

EASY ARITHMETIC FOR VACATION PRACTICE.

1. If you had a piece of cloth thirty yards long, and cut off a yard every day, how long would it take you to cut up the piece?

2. If you left nine ears of corn in a pile, and a squirrel came every day and took away three ears, how soon would he take the whole pile?

3. If there were six birds on a bush, and you took a gun and shot two of them, how many would remain?

4. If three cats kill three rats in three days, how long will it take a hundred cats to kill a hundred rats?

We do not feel sure ourselves about the last one, but would like to hear from our readers about it. We wish more of our readers would send answers to the puzzles, and tell us what interests them most in the Amusement Column.

Answers to Puzzles in the July Number.

I. Menu.—Sliced Chicken. Finger Rolls. Ham Sandwiches. Lettuce. Lemonade. Cheese Straws. Veal Salad. Cucumbers. Frozen Pudding. Lemon Ice. Vanilla Sherbet. Iced Tea.

II. 1. Magnolia. 2. Catalpa. 3. Aspen. 4. Larches. 5. Oaks. 6. Pines. 7. Maples. 8. Beech.

III. The five vowels.

IV. Tam O'Shanter.

V. 1. Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head. 2. It has been famous for its tea, and there is no tea (T) in China. 3. Out of China (not in China). 4. There is only one Cochin China. 5. To Peking.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

We have seen lately two letters in the *Outlook*, on the inexhaustible subject of Church-going, or, rather, of the decay in the habit of going to church. We hoped that some one would answer these letters; but no answer has appeared, and we will venture to add a word to the endless discussion.

One of the writers says, in effect (we quote from memory): "We are told that the church will do all sorts of important things for us; that we shall receive such and such benefits from the habit of going to church; we shall be comforted, strengthened, refreshed, made fitter for our daily work, etc. But, as a matter of fact, we do not receive any of these comforts and blessings."

Now here is an illustration of a very widespread error. The writer speaks of "*the church*," as something outside of himself,—an organization (to which he does not belong) created and carried on in order to furnish spiritual food to spiritual paupers whose part is only to open the mouths of their minds, and have this spiritual sustenance administered with a spoon.

But in all Protestant churches there is no distinction between the minister and the congregation, there are no clergy and no laity; or, rather, all the ministers are laymen, and the laymen are (or ought to be) assistant pastors.

If a (Protestant) church, therefore, is a failure, it is the fault of the whole congregation, and those who so innocently blame "*the church*" for this are, in reality, blaming themselves; for they are *themselves* the church.

No doubt a minister has an important place in a religious society. He has been chosen to perform certain duties. But so has each member duties, though not exactly the same as those of the minister. But, if the minister is expected to do all and the members nothing, the minister is blocked entirely.

The Christian Church is really a union of those who come together to work for good and useful objects; in one word, to bring about the kingdom of heaven on earth. Is it not a little selfish to be thinking of whether we are receiving and gaining everything we want ourselves, when most of us have had so much done for us? Have we not received exceeding abundantly far more than we ever deserved? Ought not we church members to be givers and doers, not complaining and disappointed critics? And, again, would not that state of mind and heart, which leads us to long to become givers and doers open our mind and heart more and more to the power of receiving spiritual blessings?

This is only one word of all that might be said, but perhaps we may add more by and by.

L. F. C.

The address of Rev. W. A. Alleyn is changed from Rockford, Michigan, to Spring Lake, Michigan. Mr. Alleyn would be very glad to receive a copy of the *Life of Dr. Martineau*.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Nils Pearson, North Dakota. (The name of the town is illegible.)

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Editor calls attention to an important change in the list of the officers of the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Our new Secretary is Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

Until further notice the begging letters, formerly sent to Miss Langmaid, may go to our Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange will arrange for lessons by correspondence in such subjects as are desired by those without school facilities, who would like to take up a course of study in this manner. It is believed that much practical help can thus be given.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction send their requests to Mrs. C. L. Stebbins, 52 Fayette Street, Cambridge, Mass., stating the subjects in which they wish instruction?

Miss L. Freeman Clarke regrets that she has not yet been able to obtain enough copies of "Stepping Heavenward" to respond to all the requests received for that book. In the course of time she will, no doubt, be able to do so. Meantime she will send one or two at a time, whenever she is able to procure them.

The Editor also thinks it desirable to repeat the notice given in the last number, in regard to the importance of sending a card to Mrs. Nichols, before sending a book, in answer to a request, printed in the Book Club. If you see a request for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and own a copy, do not send the book at once. If six persons do this, five copies of "Uncle Tom" are wasted. Many of our workers understand this, and follow the rule; but some, probably new members, still send off a book without consulting Mrs. Nichols, and thus waste their literature.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (Secretary Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the Editor these letters are in some cases postponed; in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

PLEASE REMEMBER, WHEN YOU SEE A REQUEST FOR A BOOK IN THE BOOK CLUB, TO WRITE A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, ASKING, "Shall I SEND SUCH A BOOK TO SUCH A PERSON?" BEFORE SENDING IT, ELSE THE PERSON WHO REQUESTS IT MAY RECEIVE SEVERAL COPIES. WHEN ANY ONE WRITES DIRECTLY TO YOU, ASKING FOR A BOOK OFFERED BY YOU, SEND A CARD TO MRS. NICHOLS, SAYING THAT YOU *have* SENT IT. WHEN YOU RECEIVE MORE REQUESTS THAN YOU CAN MEET, SEND THESE TO THE BOOK CLUB.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our Book-Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals, but send them directly to one of the many stations where they are acceptable.

DIRECTIONS.

SECRETARY,—Mrs. Harris Kennedy, Readville, Mass.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY,—Miss Frances B. Fisher, 491 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to Mary Louise Catlin.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Mrs. Catlin at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Mrs. Catlin, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.